

BARRE DAILY TIMES

Published Every Weekday Afternoon.
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Single Copy, 1 cent.
Members of the Publishers' Press.—The latest
telegraphic news from all parts of the world
are received by the Daily Times up to the hour
of going to press.
Frank E. Langley, Publisher.

Entered at the Postoffice at Barre as Second
Class Matter.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 16, 1906.

The average daily circulation of the
Barre Daily Times for the week ending
Saturday was

3,885

copies, the largest paid circulation of
any daily paper in this section.

Base ball will be hard to down in
Barre, after the whetted appetites of
the past two years.

Our neighbor, Williamstown, has re-
cently been called upon to don the
weeds for some of her best known
citizens.

The hazard connected with working in
steel mills is shown by the reports
of mortality in Pittsburg. During the
last year in the iron and steel mills
and blast furnaces, 9,000 persons were
killed and injured. In other mills, shops
and factories, 4,000 more were killed
or maimed. Besides these two causes,
the coal mines claimed 400 and the rail-
roads 4,300. The grand total of those
killed or seriously injured about Pitts-
burg in one year's time is 17,700. And
still there are thousands of less serious
cases which are not reported. The very
large mortality has led one mill owner
to look into the causes. Here is where
Carnegie might lay out a little sum of
money to good advantage.

CENSURED AGAIN.

The State Railroad Commission has
again been called upon to censure the
Central Vermont railroad for the con-
dition of the branch line from Mont-
pelier Junction, to Barre, to Williams-
town. Will the corporation, like an in-
corrigible and unreasoning child, refuse
to heed the injunction? The commis-
sioners report that the road is in "ur-
gent" need of substantial repairs. The
Times agrees with them. Urgent means
something that is instantly demanded by
conditions. If there is anything more
immediately demanded of the Central
Vermont railroad than the repair of
this branch we do not know it. Unfor-
tunately, the conditions of the weather
preclude the possibility of making those
repairs at the present time, but let
the road bear it in mind and at the
first opportunity do what should have
been done last summer. The Commis-
sion trusts that it will not be called
upon to make the recommendation again,
but stands ready to do so "if neces-
sary." It is shameful that this second
public report of the conditions was nec-
essary, but it will be infinitely more so
if a third warning has to be made.

FOLLY OF TAKING A DARE.

Those people who in their younger
days have taken part in the game of
"follow the leader," appreciate the spirit
which prompted two children, a boy
and a girl, to skate to their death at
Laconia, N. H., last Saturday. It is
an amusement which can be carried to
such unwarranted extent that it threat-
ens limb and life, and, indeed, oftentimes
untoward results follow. One member
of a party of children, more daring or
more foolish than the others, com-
missions himself the leader and then
goes through a series of movements and
experiences, calling upon the others to
follow. The spirit of daring
prompts the leader to pass through as
severe a risk as possible and still es-

Barre Savings Bank
and Trust Co.

Another evidence of the
confidence of the public in
this Bank is the steady growth
of business since organization
twelve years ago, as shown by
the following

Comparative Statement of Deposits
MARCH 1st.

1893	\$1,049.30
1894	\$1,075.24
1895	\$1,408.39
1896	\$2,056.54
1897	\$2,339.79
1898	\$3,204.54
1899	\$4,071.00
1900	\$4,971.77
1901	\$5,825.22
1902	\$7,466.50
1903	\$9,224.91
1904	\$11,171.04
1905	\$13,230.57

3 1-2 per cent interest on sav-
ings. New accounts invited.

J. HENRY JACKSON, President.
P. G. HOWLAND, Treasurer.

cape alive or whole-limbed. The spirit
of emulation and the fear of being
taunted as a coward prompts the others
in the crowd to follow, and unless they
show themselves fully as daring as the
leader they are immediately stamped
with the stigma of cowardice. Older
people will appreciate that it is not
cowardice which always holds back some
members of the party, but rather a real
courage, for it is courageous to stand
the taunts of cowardice. Those who
hold off are not necessarily physical
cowards, either; nor are those who fol-
low necessarily courageous. Mere dar-
ing is oftentimes mistaken for courage.
In the Laconia case the girl dared her
companion to skate across thin ice, and
the latter, refusing or "take a dare"
from a girl, readily assented. It was
foolhardiness in the extreme to make
the attempt, as most of the others in
the party realized. Those who are
tempted to "take a dare" should think
twice before they accept.

JINGLES AND JESTS.

Never.

Goodart—Conceded? Oh, I don't
know! I've often heard him say that
he has the greatest respect for the
man who knows more than he does,
and—
Wise—Yes, but how often have you
heard him admit that there is such a
man?—Philadelphia Press.

Saving Himself.

Jenks—Why on earth did you laugh
so heartily at that ancient jest of Bor-
om's?
Wise—In self-defense.
Jenks—In self-defense?
Wise—Yes; if I hadn't laughed so
he would have repeated the thing, think-
ing I hadn't seen the point.—Catholic
Standard and Times.

Had Seen Enough.

A Concordia Irishman had trouble
with his eye and consulted a doctor,
says Gomer Davies. The doctor told
him to take his choice; that he must
stop drinking or go blind. The Irishman
turned the proposition over in his mind
while, and said: "Will, I'm sixty-two
years old now. I believe I have seen
everything worth seeing."—Kansas
City Journal.

WORTH TRYING.

A word into you chaps that to the top-
most heights would climb;
'Tis not in one grand bound we leap to
altitudes sublime.
We do our climbing step by step, to
rise to heights afar.
Just try to be the fellow that your
sweetheart thinks you are.

'Tis well, of course, for everyone to
strive and to aspire,
But few of us may lead or set the
world on fire.
So if you fail to hitch your cart unto
the brightest star,
'Twill be enough to be the chap your
sweetheart thinks you are.
—Minneapolis Tribune.

SCHOOL BOYS ARE
USING TOBACCO

Forty Per Cent in Burlington High
School State They Use the Weed—
Teachers Will Try to Stamp
Out the Habit.

Burlington, Jan. 16.—An investiga-
tion was conducted among the boys of
Burlington high school recently in an
attempt to ascertain what percentage of
them use tobacco. Each boy was asked
to make a written answer of "yes" or
"no" to the question, "Do you use to-
bacco in any form to any extent?" and
in such a way that his name was not
used. And when the answers were com-
piled it was found that 40 per cent of
them said "yes."
This means that out of about 150
boys in the Burlington high school at
least 60 use tobacco, and this use of
tobacco does not mean merely smoking,
but extends also to chewing. Very few
of the boys use it to excess, more use
it often than occasionally and a few
use it occasionally.

The teachers are determined to find
some means of checking this habit. The
majority of the boys of the two lower
classes are strangers as yet to the habit
and the teachers desire not only to aid
the parents in stopping the use by
those now using tobacco but to check
the growth of the habit in those who
do use it now.

COLT RESENTED TEASING.

And He Kicked His Tormentor Into a
State of Bruises.

Winoski, Jan. 16.—Charles Miller, the
eleven-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Hen-
ry Miller, who reside some distance be-
yond the fort, was badly kicked by a
horse at the Parizo slaughter house on
Sunday. Young Miller had been feeding
the colt apples and teased him. This
the colt resented by kicking him, knock-
ing him down and continuing the kicking
until driven away. The boy's injuries,
which consisted of a broken collar bone,
a dislocated shoulder blade and a bad
cut on the head, were attended by Dr.
A. T. Arkley of Essex Junction. The
injury on the head required about twenty-
five stitches to close.

The miraculous escape from serious
injury of a dozen specimens of young
America was witnessed by several Rut-
land people in that city Friday. Two
parties of boys were coasting on steep
stairs which cross each other. The
roads were very icy and the traverses
on which the boys were sliding had gain-
ed great headway. At the corner where
the streets cross the slide came to-
gether with terrible force. The young-
sters were thrown in every direction,
but they all escaped serious injury, how-
ever, nobody who saw the accident could tell



We've tried the experiment.
We know there is a class of men
in Barre who want the best Over-
coats that can be made—some
fur lined. Now look at our
January stock—such a high grade
of garments has never before been
shown in Barre.

Fur Coats to Rent.

WE CLEAN, PRESS AND
REPAIR CLOTHING.

174 Main Street, Barre, Vt.

ADMITS MURDER.

Deathbed Confession About Mysterious
Maine Crime.

Augusta, Me., Jan. 16.—The brutal
murder of Augustus Sawyer, an aged
Monmouth farmer, in the summer of
1893, has been cleared up by the death-
bed confession of Lewis Lane in a Cali-
fornia town. Sawyer met his death in
a brutal manner by being struck over
the head as he was caring for his stock
in the barn, shortly after dusk. Robbery
was supposed to have been the motive
as the aged farmer was known to al-
ways carry a large amount of money
in his possession.

The murder was investigated by the
grand jury when the Hon. L. T. Carle-
ton of Winthrop, now chairman of the
state fish and game commission, was
county attorney, and, although the
finger of suspicion pointed in a certain
direction, the members of the panel did
not think that the evidence was suffi-
cient to warrant the finding of a true
bill against any person.

In 1895, while the Hon. George W.
Hesselt of Gardiner was the county
attorney, Edgar and William Thomp-
son of Monmouth, two brothers and re-
latives of the dead man, were arrested,
charged with the crime. After a lengthy
hearing the court refused to hold the
men for the grand jury and they were
discharged.

Word of Lane's confession was dis-
closed in a letter which was received by
A. A. Sawyer of Monmouth, a nephew
of the late Augustus Sawyer, from
Lane's wife, but no details were given.
Lane was about 60 years of age. He
left Monmouth three years ago and went
to California for his health, being af-
fected with tuberculosis. He had two
sons and one daughter. His name, as
well as that of one of his sons, was
mentioned in connection with the mur-
der at the time.

A. A. Sawyer of Monmouth, nephew
of the dead man, denies that he ever
received a letter bearing on the mat-
ter, and Mrs. Lane, wife of the man
who is alleged to have made the confes-
sion, denies that she ever wrote the
letter. Mrs. Lane was located at Sa-
batilla.

Notice.

Willard G. Smith, who during an ab-
sence of 30 years from this, his native
place, has repaired and adjusted sewing
machines of all kinds in factories, for
all branches of manufacturing in cen-
tral New York, and over 700 machines
in Burlington, Vt., since his return, will
repair machines at your homes, in Barre
and vicinity, making an old machine run
like a new one—or no pay. Address or
leave word at No. 30 Averil street.

Park's dancing school will meet next
Tuesday evening, January 16.

THE PEOPLES
NATIONAL BANK

Invites firms and in-
dividuals desiring to
open Business and
Savings Accounts.

Every accommoda-
tion extended con-
sistent with liberal
and conservative
Banking.

OFFICERS

C. W. MELCHER, President
F. N. BRALEY, Vice-President
D. P. TOWN, Cashier

Wicked, Wicked Frisco!
"Yes, I'm from San Francisco!" said
Charles L. Francis at the Hotel Kennert
this morning, "and it's a comfort to get
East once in a while. My people are all
from this neck of the woods—that is,
father came from Maryland. My
mother's home is in Vermont. They
both went West in '49, and so really it
isn't my fault that I was born on the
Pacific coast instead of on the Atlantic."
"You speak as though you weren't
altogether proud of your native heath-
ers. Is there any truth in the report that
Frisco is one degree worse than Chicago?"
"Well, he said, laughing, "it's not
quite as bad as that, but really out-
there the morality, in spots is too often
plated rather than solid. You see, the
people live a pretty free sort of a life;
there's a lot of money and plenty of
ways to spend it. Females are almost
as rare as Columbian postage stamps,
and suppose this plot of each is in
a large way responsible for many in-
discretions on the part of the people
there. I don't mean to knock the old
town, but sometimes I get to wishing
that conditions were a little different,
for there are possibilities in store for
that town in the future, but it needs a
wave of reform in politics and in other
ways before anything like an ideal state
of affairs can exist there. You see, in
the East here you grew up slowly and
soundly, and there we didn't have time
to grow slowly after we got started,
and now we need to overhaul ourselves
before we are in a position to face the
millennium."—Baltimore News.

Creeks' Medicine Man.

The medicine man of the Creeks will
not do anything scorching in cooking
in treating a gun or arrow shot wound
in, as well as the patient, will fast four
days, only drinking a little gruel.
He will not allow a woman to look at
his patient until he is well or dead. If
his patient died the medicine man takes
a lot of medicine himself in order to
cleanse himself from the fumes or odor
of the dead. "The real heathens, as we
might call those assisting in the bur-
ial, also take the same cleansing pro-
cess."

And again, when an Indian committed
murder, even in self-defense, he went to
the medicine man and took the cleans-
ing remedy, claiming the remedy ap-
plied the crime and the trouble to his
mind. The medicine man has a horror
of women, keeping out of their company
as much as possible. At the fall of
each moon it was the custom of the
buck to drink medicine made by the
medicine man to cleanse their systems.
In camp the Indian killed nothing which
was not eatable.—Indian Journal.

What They Wanted.

The recent victory of Jack O'Brien
over Bob Fitzsimmons in the prizefight
recalled to my mind the days when a
club, of which I was a member, con-
ducted a series of what we termed "sparring
contests" Saturday evenings," remarked
a Washingtonian whose name a few
years ago was familiar to everybody
hereabouts as one of the leading amate-
ur athletes of the national capital.

"On one occasion we secured a referee
who was well known as an expert in
the gentle art of bruising and who was
correspondingly tough. Before the lat-
ter fact dawned upon us, however, we
had requested the referee to make an
announcement to the effect that the
club desired only up-to-date young men,
well versed in the noble art of self-de-
fence, to make application to be "taken
on" for the fist exhibitions at the club.
After the preliminaries, this is the way
the referee worded the announcement:
"Wot dey wants here is not has-beens
and goin'-ter-be's, but is'es, see?"—Washington Star.

A pretty West Philadelphia girl has
designed a way to prevent the young
men she knows from having "cold feet,"
speaking entirely literally, for, so far
as she is concerned, there is never any
falling off in the enthusiasm of her gal-
lants. Several of the young men afore-
said live in bachelor quarters, but, de-
spite the ordinary luxuries of their sur-
roundings, they frequently have occasion
to suffer from a chilliness in the atmos-
phere of their sleeping apartments when
desiring to smoke or sleep in wintry
weather. Being sympathetically in-
clined, the young woman lent a patient
ear to their plaints of cold and one day
was seized with an idea. She was rum-
maging through some of her great-
mother's curios and came across some
knitted worsted anklets. Why not put
feet to some of these? she thought,
elongate them a little, and thus give
the boys warm feet, no matter whether
the steam radiator feels in good humor
or not. Being nimble fingered, within
very few days she had manufactured
three or four pairs of the anti-cold feet
instruments, which look like worsted
boots, and now the young men say no
home is complete without them.—Phila-
delphia Record.

Dr. B. C. Sention of Rutland has re-
ceived a patent on his composition for
relieving rheumatism. Dr. Sention and E.
O. Evans of New York contemplate op-
erating a factory for the manufacture of
this composition. Several offers to buy
the patent have been received, however,
and they may dispense of the process.

HALES' THEATRE

One Night Only.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 16TH.

LUCIER'S

Famous Minstrels!

Superb Military Band. Grand Solo
Orchestra headed by Mr. J. R. Lucier,
the noted blind cornet soloist. Elegant
Stage Settings. New and Gorgeous
Costumes.

Singers, Comedians, Musicians.
An Olio of All Star Acts.

Mr. J. R. LUCIER, Blind Cornet Solo-
ist, assisted by his sister, Rose Lucier,
MARION, the Manipulator.
AL DERBY, Bag Puncher.
MAXO, the Master of Great Strength.
LAFARR & PALMER, Grottesque
Comedians.

MASTER JOHNNY LAMBERT,
the Marvelous 9-year-old Boy Tenor Singer.
FOUR LUCIERS, Musical Artists.
JACOBS & SARDELL, European Bar-
rel Jumpers, late of Ringhals Circus.

Street Parade at Noon, Concert, 7:30

PRICES, - - 25c, 35c and 50c.

AN INGENUOUS
CRITICISM

(Original.)
I was sitting in my study working on
a plan for a new novel when a servant
entered and handed me a card: "Miss
Gwendolin Phipps."

I had never heard of Miss Phipps,
and I especially object to being inter-
rupted by visitors, so I tried through
the servant to get rid of her. But I
failed and finally received her.

I was not sorry I had done so, for the
moment she entered I saw that she
would make an excellent model for
Bessie Gifford, a character I was about
to draw. She was a petite blond and
as dainty as a canary. She came in all
blushes and smiles.

"Mr. Pendleton, I believe—Paul Pen-
dleton. Such a lovely name for an au-
thor, and I notice you always select
appropriate names for your charac-
ters."

"Please be seated, Miss Phipps, and
tell me what I can do for you."

"I came to thank you," she said,
sinking into a chair, her silk dress
dropping into graceful folds, "but first
I want you to tell me how you found
out the conditions between Wallace
and myself?"
"What conditions? What Wallace?"
"Wallace Ormsby, the hero of your
last novel, 'The True Ring.' There it
is," and she held up a glittering sol-
itaire on the third finger of her left
hand. "It was very nice of you to
transpose his name and call him Orms-
by Wallace. But everybody knew all
the same. At least I and my best and
truest friend, Ida Ross, did. But, then,
she knew all about these troubles be-
tween Wallace and me. And how you
did hit off that mean thing, Irene Tew-
ney. You didn't call her by her right
name at all, but then you couldn't call
us all by our right names."

"My dear young lady, will you kindly
tell me what you are talking about?"
"Why, about your plot for 'The True
Ring,' of course. You haven't told me
how you got hold of it. Ida declares
she didn't tell, and of course Wallace
couldn't have done so. Did he?"

She looked at me with such a pretty,
curious expression I had half a mind
to admit that Wallace had given me
the whole thing, but I feared the false-
hood might lead to complications, so I
said:

"I would like you to tell me wherein
the plot of my 'True Ring' coincides
with your own affairs."

"Silence gives consent. I knew it
must be Wallace who told you. Of
course you had to promise him you
wouldn't say anything about it. Well,
Wallace and I were lovers, just as
Ormsby and Caroline were in the book.
Then Irene Tewney, or Mabel Blake,
as you call her, wants him for herself
and interprets the family secret so as
to reflect on Caroline (me). Wallace, de-
spite the convincing circumstances, has
faith in me until he applies the test,
and Caroline gives the true ring of a
real good, noble girl. The name is
splendid!"

"Great heavens! Is this all there is
to that plot? Now I think it is about
all the machinery on which I hung a
network of subtle introspective philos-
ophy which I and high grade critics
consider uniquely Pendletonian."

"You have not yet told me," I said,
"the denouement as it is in the real case
—your case."

"Why, just as it is in the book, of
course. You didn't change it a bit.
Wallace applied the test exactly as
Ormsby did, and I responded (blushing)
just as Caroline did."

"Has it occurred to you that your
lover read my novel and finding a
similarity in my imaginary plot to his
own and your conditions concluded to
test you as he did?"

"Well, I declare! I never thought of
that. I wonder if he did?"

"After all my character puts a gen-
eral case that has occurred between
thousands of lovers. I admit there is
an art in this in the book that would
be impossible in real life, though it is
intended to represent real life."

"Ormsby was perfectly lovely, and
Wallace was perfectly lovely too. He
didn't use the same words as Ormsby,
but they were just as noble and good
and sweet and nice."

I groaned. I had read hundreds of
criticisms on my book, but this was
the first that struck me as ingenious.
My critic was one moment slapping me
in the face, the next paying me the
highest compliments, at times doing
both at once.

"Miss Phipps," I said, "instead of
your thanking me for bringing you
and your lover together, which is all a
mistake, permit me to thank you for
this visit. It has created a revolution
in me. Hereafter I propose to write
novels that will be enjoyed by simple,
ingenious people. Now, I want your
permission to use you under an as-
sumed name in my next novel."

"Will you?" she cried, clapping her
hands. "Will you put me in? And
Wallace?" she added timidly.

"I'll put you in. As to Wallace, I
don't know him, so I couldn't, though
I would like to just to please you."

I chatted with her for an hour, get-
ting excellent material, much of which
went into my new story just as she
spoke it. I have struggled against
small sales of my books before, my
only recompense being the approval of
a few high grade critics. When my
next book appeared I gained the more
substantial reward of dollars.

As Miss Phipps was passing out of
my study door I was off in a dream of
what I would make her do and say in
my story and so wrap in the imagi-
nary that I forgot the real flesh and
blood. I was awakened by a pair of
arms being thrown around my neck
and a kiss.

It is well that I am fifty years old.

ARTHUR D. BERWICK.

Handsome Purcell.

Purcell, the most extraordinary in-
sane genius that England ever pro-
duced, died at the age of thirty-seven from
a cold contracted by being locked out
of the house by his terminant wife.
He was popularly said to be the hand-
somest man in London.

Broken Lots From Our
CLEARANCE SALE

Which closes today, we find many odd lots that we
have placed on our Bargain and Remnant Counter in
the center of first floor.

BARGAINS FOR THIS WEEK

Twelve pieces of Print to close, per yard..... 3c
Twenty dozen Handkerchiefs, used for trimming, each... 2c
Twelve pieces of 36-inch light-colored Percales, per yard... 8c
One lot half wool Serge, to close, per yard..... 10c
One lot double fleeced Flannelette for kimono, a yd 12 1-2c
Odd lot Shirt Waists up to \$2.25 to close, each..... 98c
One case Antiseptic Cotton Diaper at special price.
Another lot of those 75c Linen Damask to close, per yd 49c

Blankets, Comfortables, Underwear, Ladies' and
Children's Garments, Furs, Skirts, Curtains, Portiers,
Couch Covers, Flannelette Garments, Children's Head-
wear, all on second floor, to close out at cost to make
room for our White Sale.

Note the Date of White Sale, Jan. 22d.

The Vaughan Store

OUR JANUARY SALE
A Fascinating Reality.

Some one said that from our advertising it would seem our January Sale
could be but a myth but proved to be a fascinating reality. She was a new
comer, anyone at all familiar with the tactics of this store would not have
been surprised for as we said last week we never do a lot of mere advertising
talk, we make good every claim.

SIX DAYS MORE

of this all-over-the-store mark-down and no more this season. Original
prices will be restored on all goods but Coats, Furs, Waists, Velvet and Silk
Dresses. We don't suppose that the woman who always has plenty of money
is interested in the saving this sale offers, but her sister who has to count
more carefully her cents, dimes and dollars should plan to be here for in
more cases has the low prices been made on staple necessities rather than on
the luxuries. In other words we are the working man's friend as well as the
other's.

The Perley E. Pope Co

(Taplin's Old Store)

Corner Main and State Streets - - Montpelier, Vermont.

CERIALINE

For Chapped Hands,
Lips and Face.

Splendid to use after shaving.
Price 10c and 25c a jar. Money
refunded if not satisfactory.

D. F. DAVIS,
"The Druggist,"

262 No. Main Street, - - Barre, Vt.



OFFICERS:

John Trow, President.
H. O. Worthen, Vice-President. H. G. Woodruff, Treasurer.
Clinton N. Field, Vice-President. Frank F. Cave, Trust Officer.

Granite Savings Bank and
Trust Company.

STATEMENT, JAN. 2, 1906.